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BBC

DOCTOR WHO

Written by Tony Lee
Art by Mike Collins
Colors by Charlie Kirchoff
Lettering by Shawn Lee
Edited by Denton J. Tipton

Dead Man's Hand, Part 2 of 4

The Doctor is an alien, the last of the powerful Time Lords. He is an intrepid traveller through time and space, armed only with his incredible intelligence and his fix-anything sonic screwdriver. He travels alone except for the human companions he befriends, briefly sharing his

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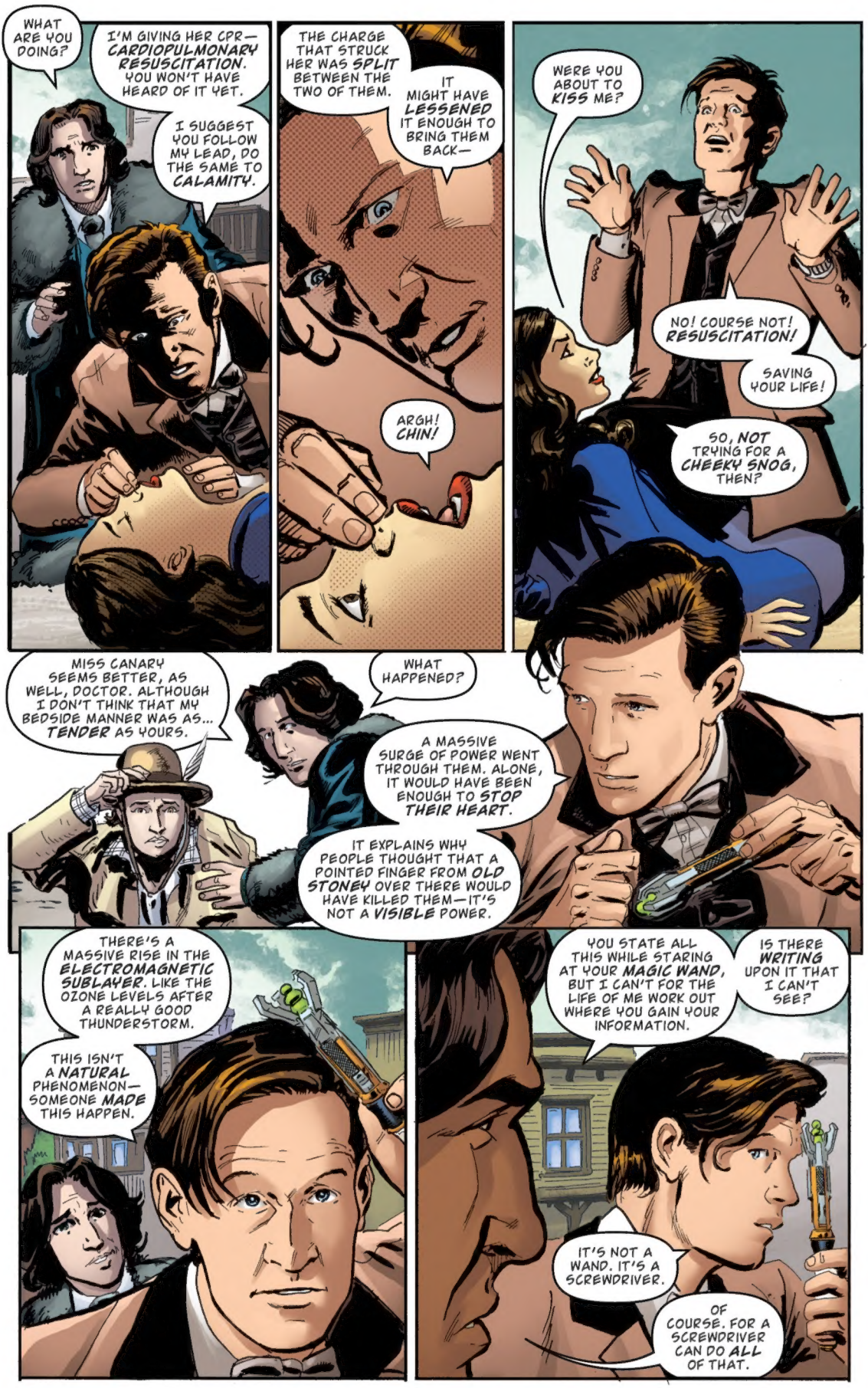
NO!
COME ON, CLARA, DON'T DO THIS TO ME!
MARSHAL! DOCTOR! WHATEVER YOU CALL YOURSELF! LEAVE HER—SHE'S DEAD!
WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO ABOUT THIS FELLA?! HE'S A KILLER!
SHE'S NOT DEAD. NOT YET.
AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE IS YET, BUT HE DEFINITELY DIDN'T DO THIS.


WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
I'M GIVING HER CPR— CARDIOPULMONARY RESUSCITATION. YOU WON'T HAVE HEARD OF IT YET.
I SUGGEST YOU FOLLOW MY LEAD, DO THE SAME TO CALAMITY.
THE CHARGE THAT STRUCK HER WAS SPLIT BETWEEN THE TWO OF THEM.
IT MIGHT HAVE LESSENED IT ENOUGH TO BRING THEM BACK—
ARGH! CHIN!
WERE YOU ABOUT TO KISS ME?
NO! COURSE NOT! RESUSCITATION!
SAVING YOUR LIFE!
SO, NOT TRYING FOR A CHEEKY SNOG, THEN?
MISS CANARY SEEMS BETTER, AS WELL, DOCTOR. ALTHOUGH I DON'T THINK THAT MY BEDSIDE MANNER WAS AS... TENDER AS YOURS.
WHAT HAPPENED?
A MASSIVE SURGE OF POWER WENT THROUGH THEM. ALONE, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH TO STOP THEIR HEART.
IT EXPLAINS WHY PEOPLE THOUGHT THAT A POINTED FINGER FROM OLD STONEY OVER THERE WOULD HAVE KILLED THEM—IT'S NOT A VISIBLE POWER.
THERE'S A MASSIVE RISE IN THE ELECTROMAGNETIC SUBLAYER. LIKE THE OZONE LEVELS AFTER A REALLY GOOD THUNDERSTORM.
THIS ISN'T A NATURAL PHENOMENON— SOMEONE MADE THIS HAPPEN.
YOU STATE ALL THIS WHILE STARING AT YOUR MAGIC WAND, BUT I CAN'T FOR THE LIFE OF ME WORK OUT WHERE YOU GAIN YOUR INFORMATION.
IS THERE WRITING UPON IT THAT I CAN'T SEE?
IT'S NOT A WAND. IT'S A SCREWDRIVER.
OF COURSE. FOR A SCREWDRIVER CAN DO ALL OF THAT.

IT'S NOT JUST A SCREWDRIVER, OSCAR, IT'S A SONIC SCREWDRIVER. AND OVER THE YEARS I MAY HAVE ENHANCED IT SLIGHTLY—
—THERE. I'VE LOCATED THE POWER SOURCE, NOW TO JAM THE FREQUENCY...
THUD
SUPPLIES
GET AWAY FROM HIM! YOU HEARD ME!
IF HE DIDN'T KILL THOSE FOLK, WHO DID?
MORE A CASE OF WHAT OVER WHO, I'M AFRAID—
—THIS IS WHAT KILLED YOUR TOWNSPEOPLE.
BASICALLY, ANYONE WHO WAS STANDING ON THIS CONDUCTOR WHEN THE SWITCH WAS FLIPPED WOULD HAVE DIED INSTANTLY.
A METAL FLOOR? I DON'T UNDERSTAND!
THAT'S BECAUSE IN 1882 THIS SORT OF THING ISN'T COMMONPLACE.
BUT THESE CABLES LINK TO A CONTROL, AND THAT'S WHERE WE'LL FIND THE REAL KILLER.
SO, WHAT ABOUT IT? YOU UP FOR A HUNT, MR. BULLOCK?
LET ME GET SOMETHING FROM MR. HICKOK'S MASK, AND WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY.

YOU SEE, FOR THE KILLER TO KNOW WHEN TO FLICK THE SWITCH, THERE HAS TO BE SOME KIND OF CAMERA ON THE MASK—AHA. THERE.
SKKKKSSSS
THE DOCTOR?
SURELY NOT.
BUT IF IT WAS... OH, TO MEET THE LAST OF THE TIME LORDS AGAIN.
TO WATCH THE FABLED DOCTOR FAIL AS HIS FAVOURITE PLANET TURNS TO ASH.
A FITTING END, WOULDN'T YOU SAY, MR. EDISON?
STILL NOTHING? MY, MY. FOR A GENIUS YOU REALLY ARE QUITE STUBBORN.
I SHOULDN'T HAVE TO CRANK UP THE SETTINGS FOR A CONVERSATION, YOU KNOW.

DOESN'T IT MAKE YOUR SKIN CRAWL WHEN YOU THINK THAT RIGHT NOW SOMEONE COULD BE WATCHING YOU THROUGH THIS?
WELL, NOT RIGHT NOW, AS I'VE TURNED IT OFF. I THINK. ACTUALLY, I MIGHT HAVE SET IT TO RECORD INSTEAD...
WHY DON'T YOU WAVE YOUR MAGIC WAND AT IT? SEE IF THAT HELPS?

ACTUALLY, OSCAR, THAT WAS MY PLAN.
WHY DON'T YOU SEE TO MISS CANARY AS I TRY TO REVERSE THE SIGNAL BACK TO ITS SOURCE?

THERE YOU GO, CALAMITY. HOW ABOUT I GET YOU A NICE COOL GLASS OF WATER?
I'D PREFER A GIN.
A GOOD GENTLEMAN IS ALWAYS PREPARED FOR SUCH EMERGENCIES.
IT'S SINGLE MALT, THOUGH. I COULD TRY TO FIND YOU SOME GIN—

HEY! YOU THERE!
YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO HAVE ANY GIN ON YOUR PERSON, WOULD YOU?

OBVIOUSLY NOT THEN.
DON'T WORRY. YOUR MALT HIT THE SPOT JUST FINE.

HEY NOW! YOU BE CAREFUL WITH HIM! WHAT'CHA THINK YOU'RE DOING, ANYWAY?
ALL THIS TIME WE'VE BEEN SAYING THAT THIS IS WILD BILL HICKOK, BUT IS HE REALLY?
I MEAN, IF SOMEONE ELSE IS PULLING THE SWITCH, THIS COULD BE ANYTHING BEHIND THE MASK!
WHAT, SO YOU THINK IT'S SOMETHING ELSE? LIKE A PUPPET?
GRANTED, IT'S A HEAVY PUPPET, PERHAPS SOME KIND OF GOLEM, OR—
—WHOA!
CLANG
OH, BILL...
...WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU?
CALAMITY, IT'S JUST A SHELL. BILL'S AT PEACE, I'M SURE.
SOMEONE'S SIMPLY TAKEN HIS BODY AND USED IT, AS YOU MIGHT PICK UP A STICK AND HIT SOMEONE. THE QUESTION, OF COURSE, IS WHO DID THIS.
DEADWOOD
WHY DON'T WE ASK THE MAN WHO CAME OUT OF THAT DOOR? HE LOOKED A LITTLE TOO SHIFTY FOR MY TASTES.
THERE'S A DOOR? A MAN AND A DOOR?
WHERE?! SHOW ME!

DO WE KNOW WHERE THIS LEADS?
THIS IS PAUL REYNARD'S PLACE. MORE OF A FLOPHOUSE, REALLY, AS HE SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME IN THE GEM STEAMING DRUNK.
NEVER REALLY LIVED UP TO HIS FULL POTENTIAL, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
I'M NOT TOO SURE ABOUT THAT, BULLOCK.
THIS ROOM NOT ONLY SCREAMS POTENTIAL, BUT ALSO? IT SHOULDN'T EXIST! LOOK AT THIS STUFF!
CCTV AND MONITORS, DECADES BEFORE THEY'RE EVEN INVENTED!
SEA SEA WHAT?
CLOSED-CIRCUIT TELEVISION. LOOK AT THE MONITOR—THAT THING THERE. OKAY?
NOW THIS IS WHAT I TOOK OFF WILD BILL'S MASK, IT'S A TINY CAMERA. WHAT BILL SEES, WHOEVER SITS HERE SEES.
THE BUTTONS CONTROL THE FIGURE. POINT. SPEAK. STUFF LIKE THAT.
THIS LEVER PROBABLY ELECTRIFIES THE PLATE ON THE STREET.
LET'S TURN IT OFF, JUST IN CASE.
CLUNK
I DON'T UNDERSTAND—THINGS LIKE THIS SHOULDN'T EXIST IN THE WILD WEST!
WELL, THERE'S TALK ABOUT SUCH THINGS RIGHT NOW—THE TELEPHONOSCOPE, THE PANTELEGRAPH, THINGS LIKE THAT.
BUT THIS? IT'S A PARADOX. A MACHINE THAT CAN'T EXIST CREATED BY A MAN WHO SHOULDN'T BE HERE.
NOW YOU'RE JUST SPOUTIN' WORDS, DOCTOR! SPEAK PLAINLY!
No. EDISON MACHINE WORKS BUILDERS NEW YORK U.S.A.
THE MAKER OF THIS MACHINE WAS KIND ENOUGH TO LEAVE THEIR CALLING CARD, MR. BULLOCK.
IT SEEMS THAT OUR MR. EDISON HAS BEEN VERY BUSY.

I KNOW THAT LOOK, YOU'RE GOING AFTER HIM. SO WHAT'S THE PLAN?
THE PLAN IS THAT YOU SIT DOWN AND REST, CLARA. YOU TOOK ENOUGH POWER THROUGH YOU TO STUN A HORSE!
THAT WAS NOTHING! I'M FIT AS—
—NO, SERIOUSLY... GIVE ME A MOMENT...
SORRY, CLARA, BUT YOU'RE SITTING THIS ONE OUT.
MR. BULLOCK, IS THERE A DOCTOR IN DEADWOOD WHO COULD CHECK OUT BOTH CLARA AND CALAMITY?
SURE, THERE'S A SAWBONES IN TOWN. I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS RIGHT NOW—
I DO. HE'S IN MY HOTEL. THE GEM, THAT IS.
I'M AL SWEARENGEN, THE OWNER. YOUR COMPANION CAN REST UP THERE WHILE YOU CHECK THIS EDISON GUY OUT.
I'LL EVEN LET CALAMITY IN AGAIN, THOUGH SHE'S BEEN BARRED FOR OVER A YEAR.
EXCELLENT. TAKE GOOD CARE OF THEM, OR I MIGHT BECOME VERY ANGRY.
DOCTOR... THIS CAN'T BE HIM... HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE LOVEJOY...

MARSHALL! WILD BILL— HE'S GONE!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, GONE? THERE'S A WHOLE TOWN OF YOU OUT THERE! HOW CAN SOMEONE SIMPLY WALK UP AND STEAL HIM?
HE WEREN'T STOLEN, MR. BULLOCK! ONE MINUTE HE WAS THERE, THE NEXT HE WAS GONE! LIKE HE WOKE UP AND WALKED OFF!
WE WERE ONLY AWAY A COUPLE OF MINUTES, BUT OLD MAN DAVIES HAD A PROBLEM WITH HIS HIP AND WE WERE DISTRACTED...
THIS DON'T SOUND LIKE THE ACTIONS OF NO HOLLOW SHELL, DOCTOR. THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE ACTIONS OF SOMEONE VERY MUCH IN CONTROL.
IMPOSSIBLE! THE MACHINE CONTROLLED HIS ACTIONS.
AND ONCE THE POWER TO HIM WAS GONE, NOBODY COULD HAVE ORDERED HIM TO DO ANYTHING!
WHICH MEANS THAT PERHAPS THE PROCESS WOKE UP A LITTLE PIECE OF WILD BILL. AN ECHO, PERHAPS.
COME ON, OSCAR! WE'RE GOING PROSPECTING!
WAIT, WHAT? WHY AM I COMING WITH YOU?
BECAUSE CLARA ISN'T UP TO IT YET...
...AND I HATE TALKING TO MYSELF. COME ON! WE'LL TAKE THAT HORSE.
HIS NAME'S THISTLE. HE LIKES APPLES.
REALLY? HE SAID IT WAS KRYLL THE IMMORTAL CONQUEROR.
DO YOU HAVE ANY APPLES?
UM... NO.
THAT'S OKAY. HE'S STUFFED ANYWAY. SEEMS HE'S BEEN EATING THUNDOR THE TEMPESTUOUS' OATS TODAY.
YOU KNOW HER AS TWINKLE. BACK IN A JIFFY!

I STILL DON'T SEE WHY I HAD TO COME ON THIS INSANE JOURNEY. I HAVE AN EVENT IN SAN FRANCISCO THAT I SHOULD BE PREPARING FOR.
COME ON, OSCAR, YOU HAVE TO 'PREPARE' FOR A TALK ON INTERIOR DESIGN? REALLY?
YOU'VE BEEN OVER HERE FOR THREE MONTHS NOW—WHAT ARE YOU RUNNING AWAY FROM?

A WOMAN.
FLORENCE BASCOMBE. I MET HER ONCE IN DUBLIN, THEN AGAIN A COUPLE OF YEARS LATER. THE TWO YEARS AFTER THAT WERE THE HAPPIEST OF MY LIFE.
BUT I WAS A FOOL. I DIDN'T GIVE HER THE RESPECT SHE WAS OWED, AND ONE RAINY DAY I LEARNED THAT SHE WAS TO MARRY ANOTHER. A THEATRE MANAGER NAMED BRAM STOKER.
I WAS BEREFT, BROKEN... I EVEN TRIED MY HAND AT WRITING PLAYS TO PROVE MYSELF TO HER.

MY FAITH IN MYSELF, IN GOD, AND IN PEOPLE WAS PUT TO THE TEST OVER THE NEXT FEW YEARS—AND ALL FAILED.
I WAS PAID TO COME TO AMERICA, DOCTOR. A TOUR RELATED TO A MUSICAL THAT MOCKS ME. I HAVE BECOME THE VERY JOKE THAT IT SAYS I AM.
SO WHY NOT LOSE MYSELF IN AMERICA? WHY NOT RUN AWAY?
OSCAR, BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAY THAT YOU HAVE SO MUCH TO OFFER THE WORLD. YOUR BOOKS AND PLAYS WILL BE SPOKEN OF A HUNDRED YEARS AFTER YOU DIE.
TO WRITE SUCH THINGS I MUST BE INSPIRED, FILLED WITH WONDER. AND NOTHING DOES THAT TO ME ANYMORE.
REALLY? NOTHING?
NOTHING COMES TO MIND AT ALL?
I... OH, MY.

IT'S— IT'S MORE THAN I EVER EXPECTED!
YEAH, ALIEN TECHNOLOGY DOES THAT TO YOU.
IT'S A MIXTURE OF WONDERMENT, AESTHETIC DESIGN, AND TERROR—ALL AT THE SAME TIME.
TERROR INDEED. PERHAPS A STIFFENER FOR OUR NERVES?
ALCOHOL? I CAN THINK OF BETTER THINGS THAN THAT.
WE NEED TO SHARPEN OUR MINDS, NOT DULL THEM.
CAN I INSTEAD TEMPT YOU WITH A CANDIED SWEET? PERHAPS A JELLY BABY OR TWO?

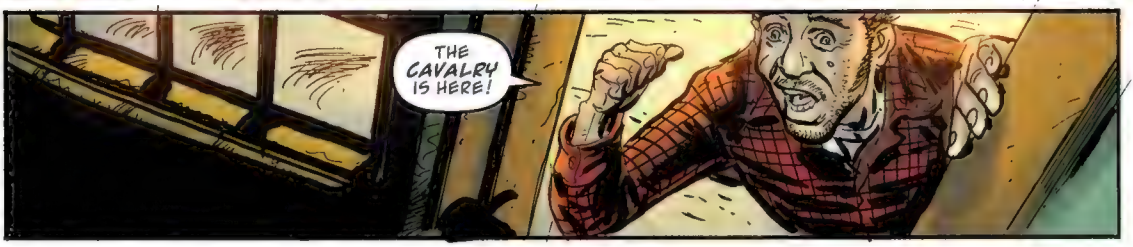
BORED. BORED. BORED.
GET OFF ME! I DON'T NEED YOU POKING AROUND INSIDE MY SHIRT!
I'LL BE AROUND LONG AFTER YOU'RE GONE!

I CAN'T BELIEVE HE BENCHED ME. EVEN IF I DID STUMBLE INTO A WALL.
THINKS THAT HE'S OH SO CLEVER, RUNNING OFF LIKE THAT.

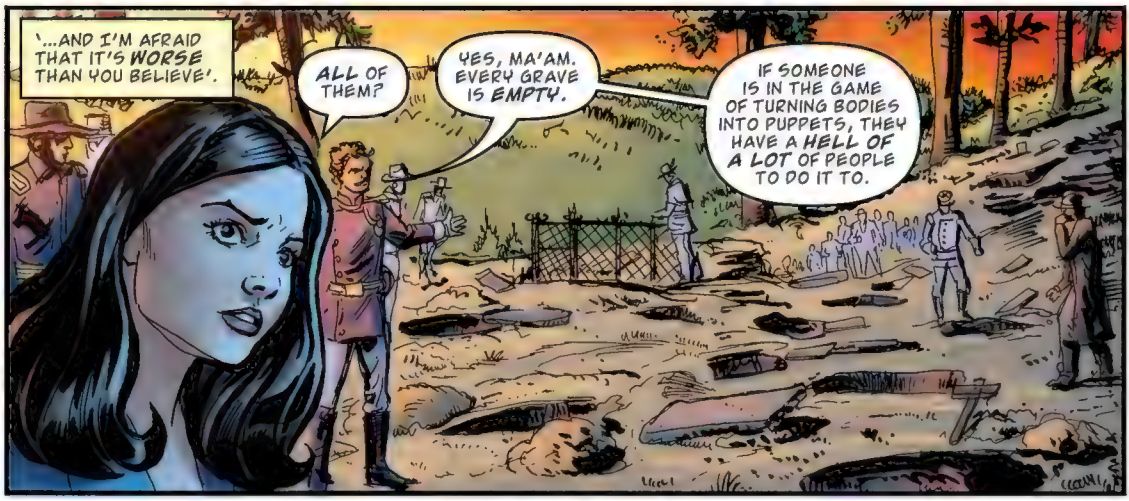
IF YOU'RE UNHAPPY WITH YOUR CURRENT EMPLOYMENT, MISS CLARA, I COULD OFFER AN ALTERNATIVE.
FREE ROOM AND BOARD, AND ALL YOU'D NEED TO DO IS—

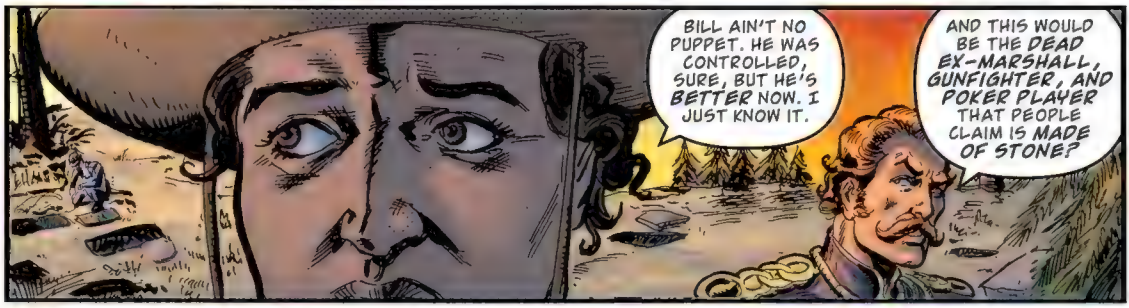
IS DO WHAT, AL? WHO EXACTLY DO YOU THINK I AM?
HEY, I MEANT NO HARM! IT'S JUST THAT SOME OF MY GIRLS HAVE CHILDREN, AND WE NEED SOMEONE TO LOOK AFTER THEM!

A GOVERNESS?
YOU'RE OFFERING ME A GOVERNESS JOB?
WELL, SURE, IF YOU WANT TO CALL IT THAT—
AL! AL!


THE CAVALRY IS HERE!

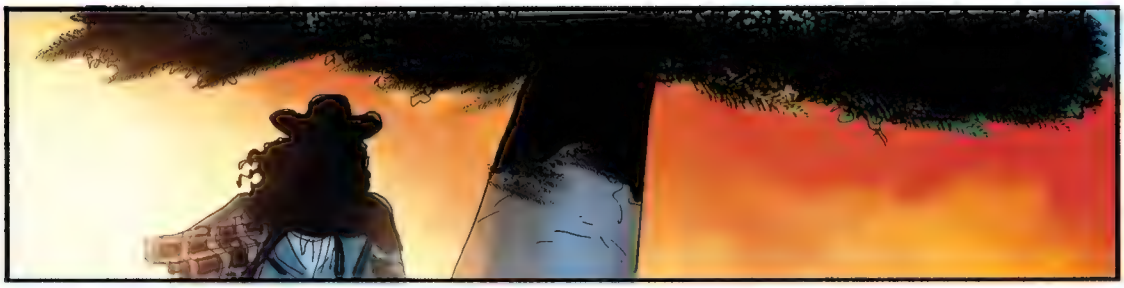
WELL, LOOK AT THAT! YOU SURE AS HELL TOOK YOUR SWEET TIME TO GET HERE!
DID YOU NOT WANT TO CREASE YOUR PRETTY UNIFORMS?
RELAX, FOLKS. THE SEVENTH CAVALRY HAS ARRIVED.
I'M CAPTAIN LACEY. WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE?
OUR SHERIFF WAS KILLED, BUT THIS LADY, MISS OSWALD, IS FROM THE MARSHALL'S OFFICE.
THE MARSHALL HIMSELF HAS GONE INTO THE BLACK MOUNTAINS AND SHOULD BE BACK SOON.
EXCELLENT. WE NEED TO SPEAK TO HIM.
YOU CAN SPEAK TO ME FIRST, YOU KNOW. I'M NOT HIS SIDEKICK. WE'RE PARTNERS.
YOU ALSO NEED TO KNOW THAT THE MASKED KILLER IS THE REANIMATED CORPSE OF WILD BILL HICKOK. YOU SHOULD CHECK THE CEMETERY.
WE ALREADY HAVE, MISS OSWALD. WE VISITED MOUNT MORIAH ON OUR WAY HERE...


'...AND I'M AFRAID THAT IT'S WORSE THAN YOU BELIEVE'.
ALL OF THEM?
YES, MA'AM. EVERY GRAVE IS EMPTY.
IF SOMEONE IS IN THE GAME OF TURNING BODIES INTO PUPPETS, THEY HAVE A HELL OF A LOT OF PEOPLE TO DO IT TO.

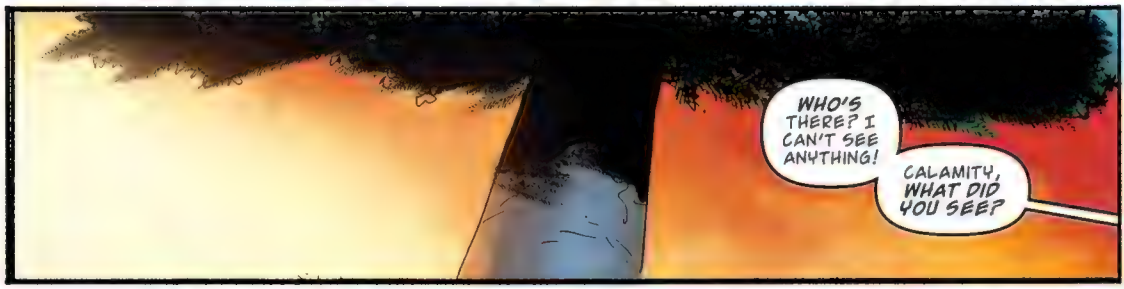

BILL AIN'T NO PUPPET. HE WAS CONTROLLED, SURE, BUT HE'S BETTER NOW. I JUST KNOW IT.
AND THIS WOULD BE THE DEAD EX-MARSHALL, GUNFIGHTER, AND POKER PLAYER THAT PEOPLE CLAIM IS MADE OF STONE?

HE IS MADE OF STONE! THE DOCTOR—THAT'S THE MARSHALL'S NAME—HE SAID THAT SOMETHING IN THE GROUND PETRI-SOMETHINGED HIS BODY!
IT TURNED HIM INTO ROCK! AND IF THE WHOLE CEMETERY IS LIKE THAT, THEN ALL OF THESE FOLK ARE THE SAME, TOO!

COME ON CALAMITY, HE DIDN'T MEAN IT LIKE THAT. HE DIDN'T SEE BILL.
MEN THAT DON'T KNOW THE WHOLE STORY SHOULDN'T TRY TO TELL IT, THEN.
LOOK, WE'LL GET BACK TO YOUR FRIEND SOON, I PROMISE, BUT FIRST WE HAVE TO WORK OUT WHO DID THIS TO HIM.
BILL...



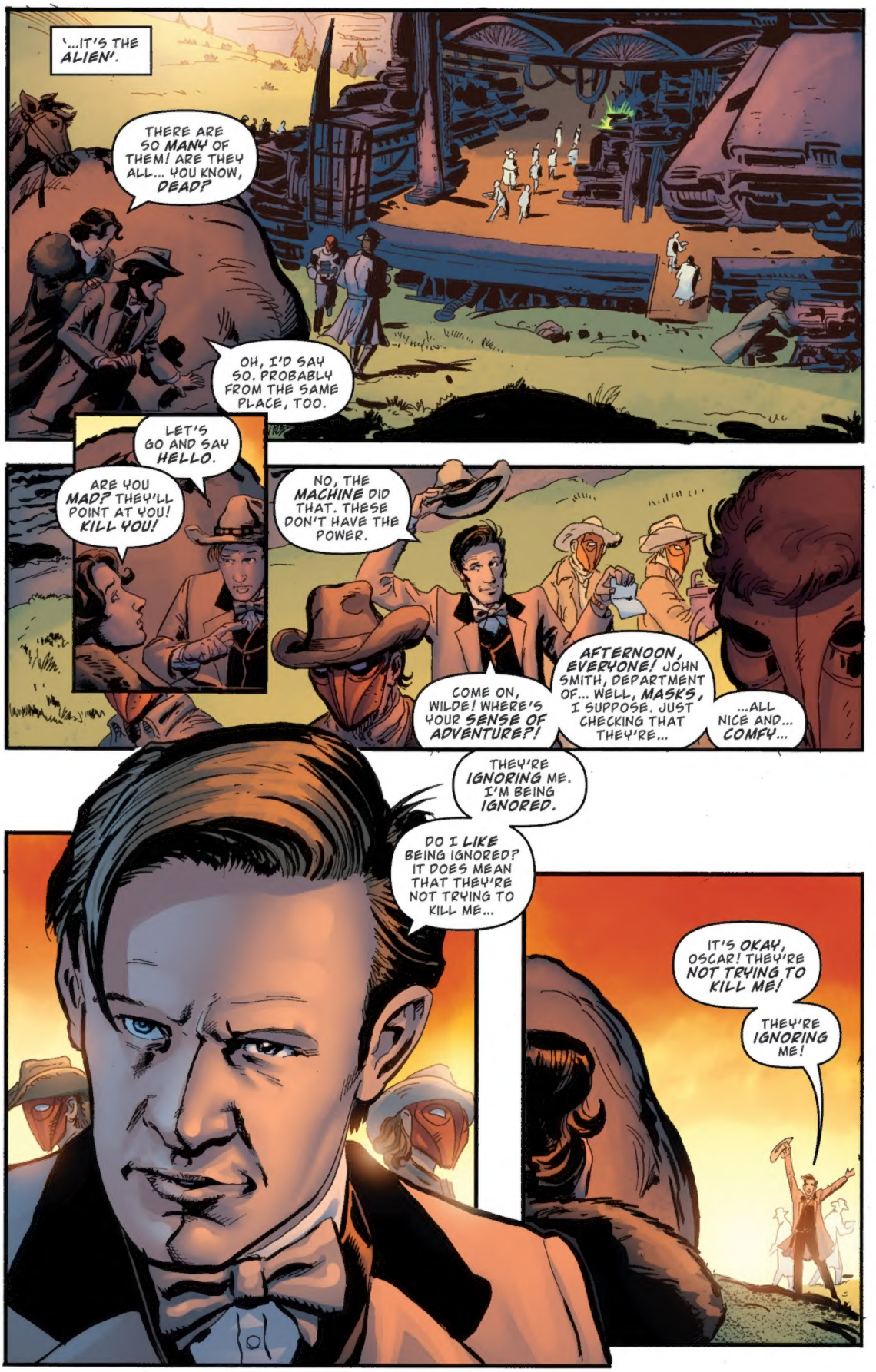
LOOK! HE'S THERE!


WHO'S THERE? I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING!
CALAMITY, WHAT DID YOU SEE?

I SAW BILL... HE WAS WATCHING ME...
HE CAN'T HAVE BEEN, CALAMITY, THE DOCTOR SAID THAT THERE'S NOTHING LEFT INSIDE HIM.
COME ON, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE—

—THERE'S NOTHING BUT GHOSTS AND SADNESS HERE.

LOOK, I KNOW THAT YOU DON'T LIKE ME. YOU'VE MADE THAT BLATANTLY OBVIOUS EVERY TIME I COME ON BOARD.
BUT I REALLY NEED YOUR HELP.
POLICE BOX
POLICE TELEPHONE FREE FOR USE OF PUBLIC
PULL TO OPEN
IF THERE ARE MORE OF THESE THINGS OUT THERE, THEN THE DOCTOR'S RIDING INTO A TRAP.
I HAVE TO WARN HIM. WE HAVE TO WARN HIM.
TALKING TO YOURSELF? THAT'S THE FIRST SIGN OF MADNESS.
WHEN YOU GET AN ANSWER, THOUGH? THAT'S WHEN YOU NEED TO START TO WORRY.
I DON'T THINK WE'VE MET. THE NAME'S REYNARD. I'M THE ONE WHOSE FUN YOU'VE SPOILED.
FOR USE OF PUBLIC
YOU WERE THE ONE WILDE SAW—WE'VE BEEN IN YOUR HOUSE.
YOU KILLED YOUR OWN TOWNSFOLK. YOUR FRIENDS. WHY?
THEY WEREN'T NO FRIENDS OF MINE. THEY HATED ME. MOCKED ME.
AND NOW THEY'VE SENT PEOPLE LIKE THE CAVALRY AND YOU AFTER ME.
I DIDN'T MAKE THE DEVICE, I SIMPLY BORROWED IT. PAYMENT FOR SERVICE.
WHATEVER YOU'RE THINKING, IT WON'T WORK. THE DOCTOR WILL STOP YOU.
STUPID GIRL, IT'S NOT ME YOU SHOULD BE WORRIED ABOUT. IT'S HIM...


'...IT'S THE ALIEN'.
THERE ARE SO MANY OF THEM! ARE THEY ALL... YOU KNOW, DEAD?
OH, I'D SAY SO. PROBABLY FROM THE SAME PLACE, TOO.
LET'S GO AND SAY HELLO.
ARE YOU MAD? THEY'LL POINT AT YOU! KILL YOU!
NO, THE MACHINE DID THAT. THESE DON'T HAVE THE POWER.
COME ON, WILDE! WHERE'S YOUR SENSE OF ADVENTURE?!
AFTERNOON, EVERYONE! JOHN SMITH, DEPARTMENT OF... WELL, MASKS, I SUPPOSE. JUST CHECKING THAT THEY'RE...
...ALL NICE AND... COMFY...
THEY'RE IGNORING ME. I'M BEING IGNORED.
DO I LIKE BEING IGNORED? IT DOES MEAN THAT THEY'RE NOT TRYING TO KILL ME...
IT'S OKAY, OSCAR! THEY'RE NOT TRYING TO KILL ME!
THEY'RE IGNORING ME!

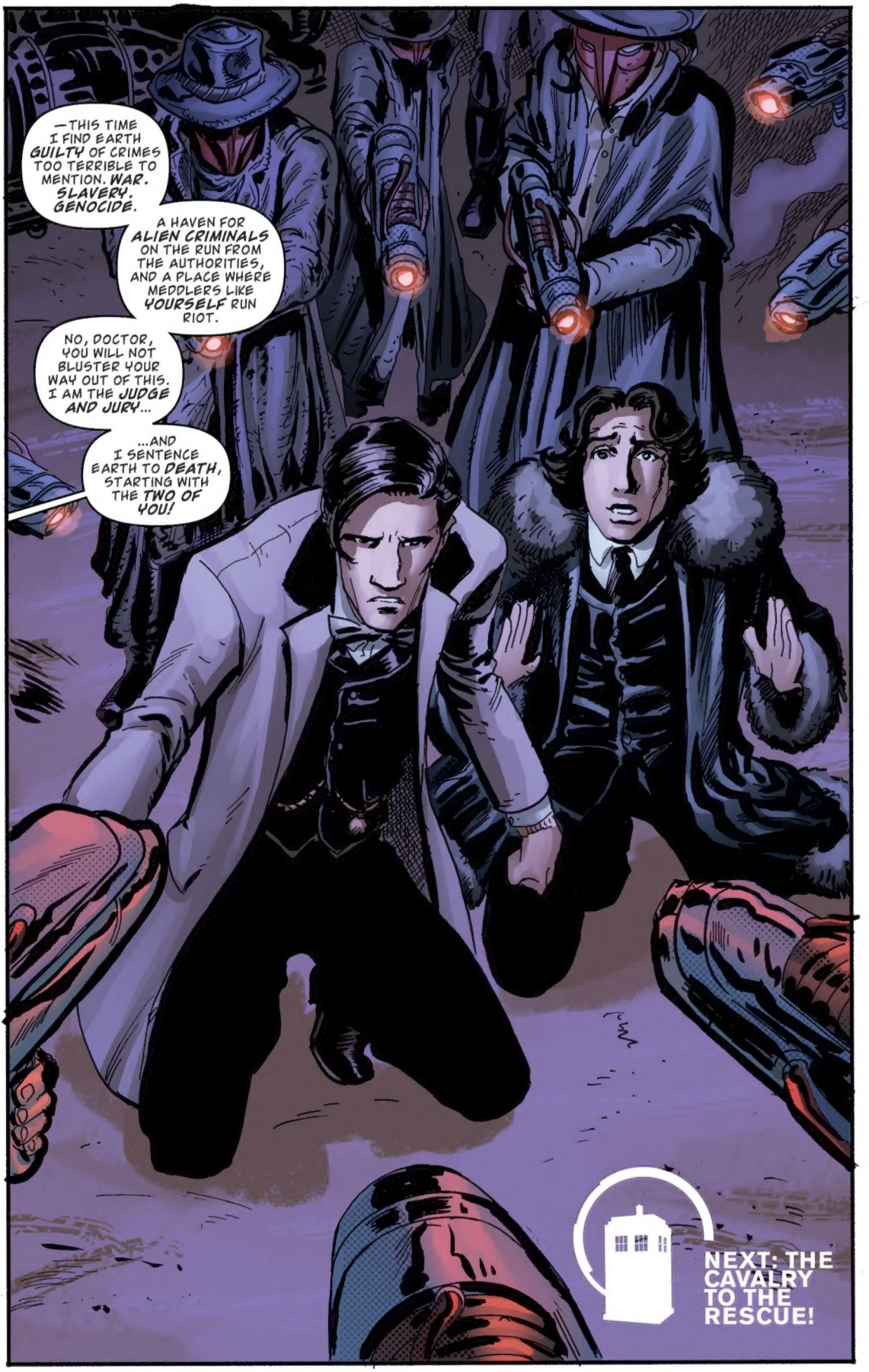
DENNIS! HELLO! HOW'S THE MOTHER? STILL GOT GOUT? THAT'S TERRIBLE!
RUPERT! I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU SINCE THAT PARTY AT OXFORD!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
YOU LOOK A LITTLE DOWN, SO I THOUGHT I'D PRETEND WE WERE AT A PARTY.
YOU KNOW, SOMETHING TO MAKE YOU FEEL AT HOME.
ALTHOUGH ZOMBIE COWBOYS AND MACHINES LIKE THIS AREN'T USUALLY PART OF THE CHELSEA SOCIAL SCENE.
DON'T TOUCH IT!
IF I DON'T POKE AND PROD IT, I WON'T KNOW WHAT IT DOES, WILL I? WHAT IF I NEED TO STOP IT LATER?
DON'T WORRY, OSCAR, WE'VE GOT THIS FAR WITHOUT— AH.
ALERT! ALERT!
CLICK
CLACK
KA-CHICK
THIS IS A WORRYING DEVELOPMENT.
'LOOK, OSCAR! THEY'RE IGNORING ME! LOOK, OSCAR! THEY'RE NOT TRYING TO KILL ME'!
WELL... I COULD HAVE BEEN WRONG ABOUT THAT ONE.

ZOMBIES WITH GUNS? THAT'S A STEP TOO FAR WITH THE GENRE, DON'T YOU THINK? WHERE'S ALL THE LURCHING AND GOING 'BRAINS'?
NO RESPECT FOR TRADITION, THAT'S THE PROBLEM WITH YOUNG PEOPLE THESE DAYS.

AH, IT IS YOU, DOCTOR. BLUFF AND BRAVADO, ALWAYS TALKING, TRYING TO WORK OUT HOW TO DELAY THE INEVITABLE. I'M QUITE A FAN OF YOURS.
I TALK ABOUT YOU TO MR. EDISON HERE CONSTANTLY. DON'T I, MR. EDISON?
OH YES. I FORGOT. MR. EDISON DOESN'T TALK MUCH.

MIND CONTROL? BUT FOR WHAT? BRINGING HIM HERE TO REPAIR A SPACECRAFT I CAN UNDERSTAND, BUT THIS?
THIS IS WAY BEYOND THAT! THE ZOMBIES ALONE ARE A PROBLEM, BUT YOU'RE COMBINING TECHNOLOGY HERE, AND THAT'S NOT GOING TO HAPPEN WHILE I'M HERE.
OH YES. THE MIGHTY TIME LORD, ONCE MORE SAVING HIS ADOPTED WORLD.
BUT THE TIME LORDS DON'T EXIST ANYMORE, DO THEY? YOU MANAGED TO ENSURE THAT.

TELL ME, DO YOU STILL THINK OF THAT DAY? WHAT YOU DID, WHO YOU HAD TO BECOME TO DO IT?
IN ONE FELL SWOOP YOU REMOVED THE ONLY PIECES ON THE BOARD THAT HAD THE RIGHT TO CHALLENGE ME.
YOU SEEM TO KNOW A LOT ABOUT ME, BUT I CAN'T RECALL EVER MEETING YOU. AND I ALWAYS REMEMBER THE CRAZY ONES.
AND I DON'T NEED TIME LORDS TO STOP YOU— ARGH!
STOP ME? YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHY I'M HERE!
I AM SONDRAH OF THE T'KEYN, AND EVERY THOUSAND YEARS IT HAS BEEN MY CURSE TO JUDGE THIS PLANET.
EVERY TIME, EVERY VISIT, I HAVE FOUND SOMETHING TO ENSURE THAT EARTH SURVIVES. BUT NOT THIS TIME, DOCTOR—


—THIS TIME I FIND EARTH GUILTY OF CRIMES TOO TERRIBLE TO MENTION. WAR. SLAVERY. GENOCIDE.
A HAVEN FOR ALIEN CRIMINALS ON THE RUN FROM THE AUTHORITIES, AND A PLACE WHERE MEDDLERS LIKE YOURSELF RUN RIOT.
NO, DOCTOR, YOU WILL NOT BLUSTER YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS. I AM THE JUDGE AND JURY...
...AND I SENTENCE EARTH TO DEATH, STARTING WITH THE TWO OF YOU!
NEXT: THE CAVALRY TO THE RESCUE!